NEW
NICK CARTER WEEKLY

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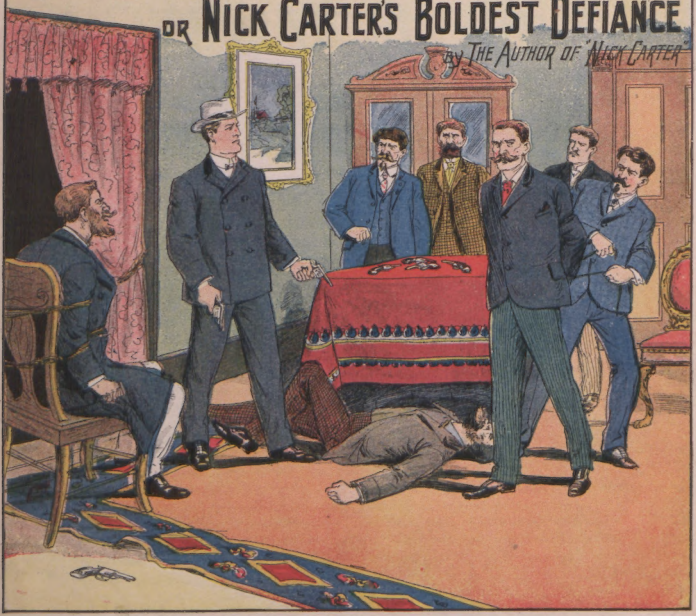
No. 422. *Price, Five Cents.*

BY COMMAND OF THE CZAR

OR NICK CARTER'S BOLDEST DEFIANCE

By The Author of "Nick Carter"



"Bind him as you have already bound the prince," said Nick Carter, and Lefevre obeyed. Prince Petrovanoff ground his teeth and glared at the detective.

Announcement. Readers of this weekly will find that the stories have been increased more than one-third over their former length. This increase is made in response to a general demand that the weekly be issued more frequently than once a week. To do that is impossible, but we have increased the length to show our appreciation of the favor with which these stories have been received. You will find that there is no drop in the quality with the increase. From this on, these stories will be the longest as well as the best of their kind published.

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BY COMMAND OF THE CZAR;

OR,

Nick Carter's Boldest Defiance.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S SECRET.

Seven men, forbidding of aspect, grim of visage and austere, if not somewhat savage of manner, were seated in a semicircle in the back parlor of a house on Forty-third Street, not far from Broadway, in the city of New York. Facing them, defiant of attitude, proud of spirit and haughty of demeanor, was a beautiful woman.

The faces of the men were lowering and threatening; hers was pale, calm and determined.

"Your name, madame?" demanded one of the men—he who made the center of the group.

"Why ask it, since it is so well known to you already?" retorted the woman. "Surely the Prince Petrovanoff, once a captain of the palace guard at St. Petersburg and now a high official in the secret police of Russia, has no need to ask me my name."

"Nevertheless," he replied, calmly, "we desire to have you state it. Your replies at this time are for record in the investigation we are making."

The woman smiled ironically.

"Am I to understand that you regard this outrage in the light of a legal proceeding?" she asked.

"I certainly do so regard it. We carry the laws of Russia with us wherever we go. At the present moment they are merely transferred to the city of New York, but, so far as you are concerned, you are in St. Petersburg."

"Indeed! That seems to me to involve a most astonishing feat of juggling with geography."

"Your name, if you please, madame?"

"Which one will you have?" she retorted, throwing back her head a little, as if to brace herself for the coming ordeal.

"Both, if it pleases you."

"I have been known, since I arrived in New York, as Natalie de Luzerne."

"But that is not your right name."

"No."

"Be so good as to give your correct name."

"Yvonne de Tierney."

"Yvonne, the Countess de Tierney, is it not?"

"Yes; but why all this tomfoolery, prince?"

"It is not tomfoolery, as you will discover," replied the prince, scowling darkly. "Tell me now why you chose to be known in New York by a name which was not your own?"

"In order to avoid, as far as possible, the evil machinations of an evil man, who is now, thank Heaven, dead."

"You refer to Prince Michael?"

"You know that I do."

"Had you no other motive than that in assuming a fictitious name?"

"None."

"Are you not now, and have you not been for a considerable time, a spy in the employ of the Japanese Government?"

"No."

"Your circle of friends have been pro-Japanese."

"That is your statement, not mine."

"Is it not true?"

"Not in the manner in which you put the question."

"How, then?"

"It is true by accident, but not by design."

"You were a friend of Madame Yagarosi,* who was—who died at the Hotel Sushehima, were you not?"

"Yes."

"She was a spy, before her unfortunate taking off."

"Before her brutal and cowardly murder, you should have said, prince; but that is your statement, not mine."

"Did you know that she was a spy?"

"No; I know that she was the wife of a general in the Japanese Army, now in Manchuria."

"But she was a Russian by birth."

"A woman gives her allegiance where she gives her heart. When the princess married the general, she ceased to be a Russian and became a Japanese."

"You are also a Russian, are you not?"

"I am a French woman, the widow of Count Raoul de Tierney, of Paris."

"But you were born in Russia, of Russian parents; eh?"

"I was born of Russian parents—but in Paris, as you well know."

"You have had some acquaintance with an American detective, by name, Nick Carter; no?"

"Nick Carter once brought me out of Russia in defiance of the czar himself, and in the face of Prince Michael, yourself, and all the power of your Third Section," she replied, haughtily, while a wave of color swept across her face for an instant.

"And we propose, madame, to take you back to Russia, in defiance of this Nick Carter, and all the power of the United States," he replied, quietly, and in the same calm and implacable tones he had used from the beginning.

The countess leaned back in her chair and smiled, although her face became a shade paler than before.

"I doubt it," she said.

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you been in communication with Nick Carter lately?" he asked.

"I have never seen him to speak to him, and I do not believe he has seen me at all, since some months before the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war," she replied, calmly.

"You are pleased to affront me," he said, while his eyes gleamed dangerously for an instant, "by placing the name of my country first in that conjunction. But we will let that pass. My question was this: Have you been in communication with Nick Carter lately?"

"I have not."

"You are known to have sent a message to him through a mutual friend—one Madame Zanoni."

"He did not reply, and hence there was no communication," she said, slowly; but it was evident that she had not been prepared for that statement—that she was surprised that the prince was as well informed as he now appeared to be.

"What message did you send to him?"

"A personal one."

"Will you tell me what it was?"

"No."

"Countess, we have brought with us from Russia certain means which are sometimes employed there, for compelling reluctant persons to speak. I trust you will not compel me to make use of any of them."

She became even a shade paler still.

"Do you mean that you would dare to torture me, here, in this country?" she demanded.

"That is my meaning."

"To what end?"

"To force you to reply to the questions I desire you to answer. If, as you say, you have not been a spy and have not aided or abetted a spy, there remains no reason why you should not be frank with me. You are in my power, utterly; as utterly as if you were at this moment in Russia. What was the message you sent to Nick Carter?"

*See No. 421 of the NICK CARTER WEEKLY, "Zanoni, the Transfigured."

"Merely my felicitations, and the expressed desire that he make no effort to see me."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Why were you anxious to avoid a meeting with him?"

She shrank back deeper into her chair and remained silent. After a moment the prince repeated the question.

Then she raised herself and leaned forward in the chair, her eyes glowing into his with an expression of absolute defiance.

"Because of a reason which is entirely personal to myself," she responded, tensely. "One which has nothing to do with either Russia or Japan; one which has nothing to do with any person on earth save myself. More than that I will not answer."

The prince smiled for the first time since the interview began; a cruel, ironical smile, which showed his big, white teeth gleaming through his beard.

"Your reply is quite sufficient—and quite comprehensive," he said, waving his hand and bowing with mock appreciation; "and it is that very point to which I wished to bring your attention."

She threw herself back in the chair and for a moment closed her eyes; but soon they flew wide open again.

"Well?" she said. "Why?"

The prince rose to his feet and came a step nearer to her, towering over her like a menacing fate. He was a huge man, with brawny shoulders, big hands and feet, cruel jaws and a bearlike personality; a typical Russian of the Tartar breed.

"I will tell you why," he said, slowly and savagely. "Because Russia demands the person of Nick Carter; because these men, with others who do not appear here at present, are in this country under orders to obtain that person and to deliver it in St. Petersburg; because we mean to take him there and to deliver him to the chief of the Third Section; because you can simplify the work we have to do; because you have the power to win his confidence and to betray him into our hands. Madame, I know your secret, and I have always known it since that night long ago when he took you out of the palace and compelled the czar and Michael to convey you in safety to the American war ship at Kronstat. You concealed it from him, but you did not hide it from me. He feels only friendship for you, but you——"

"Hush!" she said, raising her hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"Very well; let it pass at that. You have your choice between the chair of torture, and compliance with my wishes. You have your choice between returning to Russia, with God knows what further tortures for you there, and doing my bidding. Madame, the torture chamber is prepared, in the room over your head. Will you go to it, or will you consent to betray Nick Carter?"

CHAPTER II.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

Yvonne de Tierney was well aware that the threat was not an idle one. She knew her Russia and the Russians; and, moreover, she knew this man who was questioning her.

Allied to the royal family through what, in that country, is called a morganatic marriage, he had had bestowed upon him the title of prince, and he had always been well "taken care of" in some official capacity.

But Prince Petrovanoff had inherited all the evil propensities of his long line of half-Tartar ancestors. Compassion was unknown to him; mercy he sneered at. On his own estates in Southern Russia, when a peasant offended him, he killed him, and laughed because the poor fellow's relatives mourned.

He was a brute, with only brutish instincts, but, nevertheless, a man of education and undoubted brain power.

But there was still another reason why Yvonne de Tierney feared this man—she had that horror of him which a pure and good woman must always feel for the man who cannot look at her save with lustful eyes, and who cannot address speech to her save in the savage tones and husky voice of repressed passion.

She knew that she was safe from him for the present, for she was well aware that he did not dare to disobey the orders he had received concerning her.

But what if she should defy him? What if she should go a step too far, and thus throw herself beyond the protection of those orders?

And now, having completed his short harangue, having offered her the alternative of two terrible evils, he stood glowering down upon her like the beast he was.

"It were no sin to lie to this man," she thought, rapidly, to herself. "It can be no sin to deceive such as he, if by that deception I can escape his power;" and for a moment she thought of the expediency of appearing to consent to the treachery he asked of her.

And then, as through a haze, she seemed to see the face of Nick Carter looking down upon her in amazement that she should even consider such a thing; she remembered his loyalty and his nobility to her when she stood most in need of a friend and a champion, and she raised her head proudly and looked her tormentor in the eyes.

"I will take the torture, whatever it may be," she said, without a quaver in her voice.

"Then, by Heaven, you shall have it!" he retorted, with a coarse oath.

"Whatever it may be," she repeated, mechanically, but with the same proud poise of her head, and the same unwavering expression in her eyes.

"You are a beautiful woman, countess," said the prince, after a pause.

She did not reply.

"It seems almost a pity to steal the luster from those eyes, the grace from that matchless figure, does it not?"

"If you had any conception of the meaning of the word pity, you would not use it now," she retorted, calmly.

"Let me tell you one thing," he said, harshly, bending nearer to her. "If I did not have full and complete conception of orders and the necessity for obeying them, I would not send you to the rack, the thumbscrews, the hot pincers and the needles—yet."

In spite of her self-control, she shuddered; and the prince laughed aloud.

"Come," he said. "You have been overhasty in your decision. There is yet time tb change your mind."

And then it was that it occurred to her that it might be well to temporize; that now that she had give her answer and she knew it to be final, that there might be profit to her in some way if only she could gain time.

She had been in the house barely two hours, and she knew that at the house from which she had been taken by force by the followers of the prince, there was a loyal friend who would have returned by this time, and who would know that something had happened to her, or that otherwise she would not be absent from home.

"Madame Zanoni is there by this time," she thought, rapidly. "She has returned, and she has missed me. Her intuition will tell her what has happened, even if she does not find the handkerchief I tore from the hand of one of those scoundrels, and which he forgot to possess himself of again. And Zanoni is wise; she can read between the lines where there is no writing save for her far-seeing eyes; and she will go to Nick Carter. Perhaps there is yet a hope of rescue if only I can gain time."

"Well?" said the prince. "I am waiting. What have you to say?"

She dropped back into the chair again, as if in terror; and it was so well simulated that her tormentor laughed aloud again.

"I am waiting," he repeated.

"What would you have me do?" she asked, faintly.

"Betray Nick Carter into my hands."

"But how?"

"How? I leave that to your woman's wit."

"You might easily entice him here to this house without my aid," she said. "You have only to let it appear to him that I am a prisoner here, and he will not be long in coming."

"Ho! ho! Do you take me for a fool, countess?"

"No," she replied, calmly, "but I know you to be worse than a brute."

"You shall have physical proof of it presently, madame, unless you curb that sharp tongue of yours."

"I have visible proof of it now."

He ground his teeth together savagely, and coming yet nearer to her, seized her by the wrist.

"Come," he said. "We waste time in temporizing here. We will try such persuasion as we can find in that room over your head."

He dragged her from the chair to her feet, but she wrenched herself free and leaped backward away from him.

For a moment her anger at the defiling touch made her forget her terrors. Her eyes blazed into his for an instant, and then she glanced furtively from side to side, in search of some article which might be used as a weapon in self-defense.

The room was sparse of furniture. There was not a picture on the walls nor a decoration of any sort visible anywhere. Indeed, it appeared as if the Russians had hired the dwelling half furnished, and had utilized it as it was, rather than go to the expense or attract the attention of anyone, which would have been necessary had other furnishings been procured.

But there was the armchair in which Yvonne had been seated, and there were the seven chairs occupied by the men; there was also one table—an ordinary library table—which was located about six feet from where she was now standing, facing the prince.

There were writing materials on this table, paper, envelopes, pens and a heavy, square inkstand.

It was this latter, half filled with ink, which caught Yvonne's eye as she glanced around her in search of a possible weapon.

In an instant her resolution was taken.

The situation could not possibly be worse than it already was, and nothing she could do could add to the danger in which she already stood.

With a quick bound she crossed to the table and seized the inkstand, and then, before the prince or any of his followers realized what she was attempting to do, she raised it and hurled it full at the prince's head.

The missile flew true to its aim, and the prince, unprepared as he was for such an act on her part, had no time in which to dodge it.

It struck him squarely on the temple, and, giant though he was, he fell to the floor like a bullock beneath the ax, while the ink from the missile which felled him spread over his face in a huge black blotch.

But Yvonne saw nothing of this; she realized only that

she had hit him, and that he had fallen, and that the other men in the room had leaped to their feet.

There is always an instant of inaction following upon amazement, and it was that instant of time which Yvonne de Tierney utilized then.

When the inkstand struck the prince, and he fell, she leaped forward. She leaped like a fawn over his prostrate body, and sped toward the door which opened into the hall.

She was there before the startled followers of the prince recovered their senses, and she flew like a deer along the narrow corridor toward the front door of the house.

Everybody knows that doors are always opened easily from the inside. Sometimes there are chains on the doors, but these can readily be unclamped. It is a question, not of seconds, but of instants; and Yvonne was desperate.

There was the torture chamber waiting for her up one flight of stairs—and there was the hideous prince, now lying prone upon his back, but with infinite qualities of evil still at his disposal, behind her as she flew toward the way of escape.

She reached the front door of the house at almost the same instant that the six men who had been with the prince in the back parlor of the house, arrived at the door which communicated with the hallway.

To seize the double knobs of the inner door and to throw it ajar was the work of—well, the fraction of a second; to step into the vestibule and bang the door shut behind her occupied no time at all; to seize the outer door and to throw it open with the same deft touch was the keynote of the entire situation, and she found herself, almost before she was aware of it, standing upon the front steps of the house—free!

Forty-third Street and Broadway is in the heart of the city.

There is never a time, day or night, when there are not pedestrians about; there are always cabs and cabmen standing there, awaiting customers; and it so happened that there was a vacant cab directly in front of the house when Yvonne made her escape.

She discovered it as she emerged from the door, and she sprang down the steep steps and into the hansom with almost one motion.

Cabby was on his seat at the rear. He saw only a vision of a flying woman as she leaped into the seat of his cab, and he heard only her excited command:

"Drive! Drive quickly! Anywhere!"

He was a New York cabby, accustomed to emergencies, and he obeyed without question, for he saw in this event an extra fee.

And thus it happened that when the Russians came to the door—when they flew out upon the steps of the house in search of their prey, she had disappeared.

Yvonne de Tierney had escaped!

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE IN FORTY-THIRD STREET.

There are coincidences in every phase of life; and there are occasions when coincidences are remarkable.

At the very moment when Yvonne de Tierney was facing Prince Petrovanoff, uncertain about her fate and with the apparent choice between the rack of torture and treachery, Zanoni was in the presence of the great detective in his own house, detailing to him her fears for the safety of the countess.

She had returned to the house where she lived with Yvonne and she had discovered on the floor the handkerchief to which reference has already been made.

The very fact alone that Yvonne was not there when she arrived was sufficient to disturb her greatly, and when, after repeated calls, she had failed to discover her, the fear that she had somehow been abducted by the representatives of the Russian police, which she knew to be in the city, took full possession of her.

With the handkerchief in her grasp, she hurried to the nearest telephone.

She was fortunate in finding the detective at home, for he replied to her in person when she called up on the phone, and recognizing her voice, he directed that she come at once to his house.

"Yvonne!" she said, as soon as they were alone together.

"Well?" said Nick.

"She has been abducted. She has been taken away. She has been stolen. She has fallen into the power of Petrovanoff."

"Is Petrovanoff here?" asked Nick, quietly.

"Certainly he is here."

"Why have you not told me that before?"

"God knows! I think, among the multitude of things I had to tell, that somehow the fact of the presence of that man escaped me. I did not tell you; but he is here."

"And he is, of course, directing the operations of his division of the Third Section. If I had known that, I might have known better how to work. With Michael dead, Petrovanoff becomes a power."

"A power for working evil," said Zanoni, desperately.

"A power in the Third Section, which means much more," replied Nick. "Tell me, now, what you know about the matter."

"Only that she is gone."

"You must remember, madame, that I do not even

know where you have been living. You must remember that I promised you that I would make no effort to find you and that I always keep my word. Yvonne sent a message to me through you in which she besought me to make no effort to see her. I have taken her at her word. There is where we stand at this moment; but I have felt —and with more emphasis than I can express—that this crisis which you have now come here to announce, was at hand."

Zanoni rose and crossed to the window.

After a moment she turned and faced the detective, and her features were white and drawn.

"Nick Carter!" she said.

"Yes?" he replied.

"I speak to you now as a thing apart, as if I were in another world, looking down upon you from beyond your ken. Will you listen calmly to what I have to say?"

"Assuredly."

"There is a past which belongs to you and me alone, which it is best that we should both forget; is there not?"

"Yes."

"The Lord Algy of my past and the Lady Mary of yours are dead."

"It is the decree of fate that they must be, Zanoni."

She bowed her head and was silent for a moment, and then she raised it again and, while her face remained startlingly pale, there was a flush upon either cheek.

"But there is another past," she faltered.

"There are many," he replied.

"But there is one which belongs to you and Yvonne—is there not?"

"In the sense that I was enabled through force of circumstance to be the friend and the protector of a brave and noble woman—yes."

"Yvonne de Tierney loves you."

Nick made no reply; and after a short pause, Zanoni continued:

"And you love her. Hush, my friend. Don't interrupt. I know what you would say. I know all that you would interpolate at this point. I know that you would assert that after all that has occurred between you and me—— But what am I saying? I was a murderess. I was a sorceress. I was a woman-wizard. I was everything that was bad, save that I always preserved my womanhood, as you know."

"Yes, Zanoni," he replied, gently.

She turned away again, and crossed to the window once more, and after a moment she whirled and came toward him, impulsively, with both hands extended and with the light of Heaven in her wonderful eyes.

"Nick!" she said.

"Yes, Zanoni."

"Go to her."

"To Yvonne?"

"Yes."

"But where?"

"Can't you hear her calling to you? Don't you know that at this very moment she is in awful peril? Don't you know that somewhere she is face to face with Petrovanoff, and that she is calling out to you in the agony of her heart for aid? Oh, that I had been a good woman always, so that I could see with certainty; but I tell you that she is in the power of that terrible man; I tell you that he is threatening her with tortures untold; I tell you that her purity, her goodness, her all—her life is in danger. See! Here is a handkerchief which I found on the floor of our little parlor when I returned and discovered that she was gone. Take it. It will give you the clew, somehow. I have not the wit to know how; but that it will direct you, I do know."

Nick took the handkerchief in his hand and held it for a moment, and in one corner of the cambric he read the name, Peter Petrovanoff.

"Do you know if Petrovanoff has been here long?" he asked, presently.

"I know that he has been here more than a month."

"Have you any idea whatever in what part of the city he is living?"

"Once I tried to follow him. He disappeared in a house in Forty-third Street, but whether he is living there or not is more than I can say. I have never been able to find out definitely."

"Where in Forty-third Street?"

"Quite near to Broadway. I do not know the number, but I can show you the house."

"Come, then," he said. "We will go there at once."

There was no delay in their departure. In a moment more they were in the street, and were being driven rapidly toward the house where we have already been told what had occurred.

The hansom occupied by Nick and Zanoni approached the house by way of Sixth Avenue, and as it turned into Forty-third Street, toward the house in question, another hansom, driving like mad, whirled past them and disappeared in the direction from whence they had come.

Although it had passed them so swiftly that there was little or no opportunity for either of them to see the occupant of the other vehicle, Nick Carter caught one glimpse of the white face of Yvonne.

Instantly he leaped to his feet and pushed open the little hatch through which he could communicate with the driver.

"Turn about," he ordered, "and overtake that cab which just passed. Catch it, and then come to me for double pay for every moment you are employed."

While the horse was turning in the street, he spoke rapidly to Zanoni.

"It was Yvonne," he said. "You will overtake her. Take her to my house, and wait there for me."

Without another word, for there was no more time, he threw open the doors of the hansom and leaped to the ground.

Zanoni called to him, but if he heard her, he paid no heed, and in a moment more the hansom was whirling away in the opposite direction, more swiftly than it had brought him there.

But he did not pause to look at it or to think about it, for he had already started down the street toward Broadway.

Always alert, his quick glance had taken in the scene beyond the conveyance in which the countess was making her escape, and although it was several hundred feet from where he was to the steps of the house from which she had fled, he nevertheless saw the quick rush of several men from the house into the street, and he had not a doubt that they had appeared in pursuit of her.

Not more than one full minute could have elapsed after Yvonne's escape from the house before Nick Carter was at the door, and he ran up the steps just at the instant when the last man of the pursuing party was in the act of closing it.

But the door did not close, for Nick Carter's foot had inserted itself in the opening.

The man turned to discover what it was which prevented him from closing the door, only to find himself seized by the collar in a relentless grasp, and to hear the cool and even tones of the detective say to him:

"If you call out or utter a word of alarm, it will be the last sound you will ever make. Is Prince Petrovanoff inside?"

Instead of replying, the man attempted to wrench himself free, and Nick, who realized instantly that he had made no mistake, acted as he always did, with quick decision.

He tightened his grasp upon the man's throat, and with the other hand struck him a terrific blow on the jaw.

It was enough. The fellow sank into the detective's arms like a bag of meal, knocked out as utterly as ever a prize fighter has been in the ring.

The detective gazed at him a moment, and then dropped him quietly to the floor of the vestibule. Then he passed inside the house, closed the door after him, and walked quickly but silently along the hallway toward the room where Petrovanoff's followers were even then assisting him to his feet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK FROM BEHIND.

The door at the end of the hall was open.

As the detective approached it he could see something of what was taking place beyond it, and he paused in amazement when he beheld the ink-stained features of the big prince.

But there was more than ink upon his countenance. There was blood as well.

The heavy glass missile, flung with such accurate aim by the countess, had torn away the skin from the side of his forehead, and blood was flowing freely from the wound.

Consciousness had returned to him, and he was cursing everything in sight and out of it; more especially he was cursing his men for having permitted Yvonne to escape, and no canal boatman or stevedore could have done it so roundly and so well.

The five men were grouped around him, each afraid to utter a word in reply.

As yet they had not missed the one who was now lying insensible in the vestibule, but the detective knew that it would not be long before inquiry would be made for him.

Every reader who is familiar with the history of Nick Carter knows about his method of carrying and using his weapons; they know about the spiral spring in his sleeves, and how adept the detective had become in the use of them; how readily he could, by a single motion, throw a cylinder revolver from his sleeves into either hand, and how accurately and how marvelously quick he could discharge either or both of them.

Perceiving that the prince had the center of the stage, so to speak, and that the attention of his attendants was devoted entirely to him, for the apparent reason that not one of them dared to speak while he was talking, the detective stepped quietly through the door into the room, and waited.

It was the prince himself who discovered him, and he paused in the very middle of one of his curses and stared in open-mouthed amazement at Nick.

His men, perceiving that his attention had been withdrawn from them, followed the direction of his gaze, and for the fraction of a moment there was a tableau which it would be difficult to reproduce.

"Hell and furies! Who are you?" demanded the prince, in English.

"Nick Carter, so please your grace," replied Nick, bowing and smiling.

As with one impulse, the five men with the prince started forward toward Nick, but the hand which the foremost one of the five dropped to his side in search of a weapon was shattered by a bullet from one of the

revolvers of the detective, and the others drew back, dismayed.

"This is no child's play; nor is it horse play," said Nick, quietly. "The first man among you who attempts to reach for a weapon will have an ugly wound-to nurse. Be seated, all of you. I see there are chairs enough, and one to spare; no, two. Prince, is that armchair the one in which the countess was seated only a few moments ago?"

Petrovanoff was no coward; moreover, he was angry.

With a cry of rage, and without waiting further action on the part of his men, he launched himself forward toward the detective, but he had taken only a step when he found himself gazing into the muzzle of one of the detective's revolvers.

"You had much better take a seat and be quiet," said Nick, calmly.

"Damn you!" exclaimed the prince.

"Curses, like chickens, come home to roost, prince. It is an old and somewhat hackneyed saying, but you may not have heard it. Sit down!"

There was no mistaking the tone in which the detective uttered the order, and the prince obeyed, and his men had no recourse save to do the same.

"I have something to say to you people," continued the detective, "and I expect you to listen to me quietly. That poor fellow there who is weeping over his wounded hand can assure you that I am quite able to enforce any orders I give. Let it be understood that while I have only two eyes, they are quite capable of comprehending every motion which any of you may attempt to make; and the first one of you who makes the slightest move gets a bullet in him somewhere. Do you understand that?

"I see that you do. Prince Petrovanoff, who are these men?"

"Men!" exclaimed the prince. "They are not men; they are dolts!"

"Granted; and—one, two, three, four, five, six—I see that there are six, including yourself. But who are they and what are they?"

"Officers of the Russian Government," replied the prince, shortly.

"Indeed! Why are they here?"

"They are here under my orders."

"And is it a part of the orders you give to abduct a woman from her home and to bring her here to this house?"

"That is none of your infernal business."

"Oh, yes, it is, for I have made it my business. Might I suggest—respectfully, of course—that before you wash your face you venture to have your picture taken? It might serve to remind you of this business, since you elect to call it by that name. We have met before, prince, in the library of the czar, but I can frankly say that I should not have recognized you in your present disguise. The blood upon your face seems to become you; but ink! Why, prince, I never supposed that you were literary."

The fury of Petrovanoff was pathetic. The veins of his head and neck swelled almost to bursting, and yet he dared not move, for the revolver, which the detective had thrown into his own grasp, loomed largely upon him, and he could not speak.

"Have you transferred the Third Section of the Russian police to the city of New York?" asked Nick.

"We transfer it to whatsoever part of the world we please," replied the prince.

"True. But is it not your custom, usually, to ask permission of the authorities when you take such a step as that?"

"We ask permission of nobody."

"Did you anticipate that Inspector McClusky would perhaps permit you to exist here without his consent?"

"Who is he?" demanded the prince.

Nick Carter laughed.

"How small a thing is fame!" he said. "For your information, I will tell you that the inspector whom I have mentioned is a gentleman who operates, in this country, something which is quite as important in our affairs as your Third Section is in yours. But we won't waste words and time any more. We will come now to business."

"I wish to Heaven you would."

"Why did you abduct the Countess de Tierney from her home and bring her here, a prisoner? Why did you do that, prince?"

"I didn't do it."

"I perceive that you are a liar as well as a scoundrel and a brute, prince. Answer my question, or I will put a mark on the other side of your head, to match the one you already wear. Why did you abduct her?"

"To take her back to Russia."

"By whose orders?"

"The emperor's."

"Does the emperor remember that she is his cousin?"

"Possibly; I cannot answer that."

"Was it she who decorated your face so beautifully with ink and blood?"

"Yes, curse her!"

"And after that she escaped you, eh?"

"She fled from the house. She is gone. I do not know where."

"Doubtless you threatened her with torture; it is like you."

"I threaten nobody. I do my will."

"Such as murdering peasants on your estates, and little amusements of that sort, eh?"

"What I do or do not do on my own estates is no concern of yours."

"No; but what you do in this country is very much my concern. What did you come to this country to do, prince? What is your especial business here?"

"I came here to get you, if you will know it, Nick Carter; and I'll get you, too, before I go away."

"There is no time like the present, prince," said Nick, smiling.

Nick was standing with his back to the door. He had become so interested in the scene before him, and he was so alert to watch every man in the room in front of him, lest one of them should make a move to overcome him, that he had forgotten for the moment the fact that he had left one of the minions of the prince unconscious in the vestibule.

The man had recovered consciousness.

He had dragged himself to his feet, dazed at first, but with gradually and steadily returning powers. He had felt in his pockets for the key to the door, and he had found it; and now he had entered silently and cautiously, and was creeping through the hall toward the detective, whose back was toward him.

But the prince, from where he was seated, could see into the hall.

He had seen the door open; he had seen the man enter; he had seen him start on his approach toward the detective, and he knew that after a moment or two more the man, who was one of the most trustworthy in the employ of the prince, would throw himself upon the intruder.

Nick Carter was entirely unaware of all this.

He had, for the moment, forgotten that there was that other man outside, and that he might recover sufficiently to make trouble.

"No," said the prince, in reply to Nick's smiling remark, "you are right. There is no time like the present. You have just now asked me why I came here, and I have replied that I came to get you. I will tell you more. I will get you. I will take you back to Russia. I will deliver you there to certain men who wish to see you because you have dared to possess yourself of certain secrets of the Third Section. They will know best how to deal with you."

"When they get me," said Nick.

"Yes, when they get you; but the time won't be long now until they do."

"Prince, I wish I could arrest you to-night, but I cannot. But I will give you a bit of advice. The distance from here to the Grand Central Station is short. You had best travel it as quickly as you can, for if you are in the city of New York twenty-four hours from now, I will see to it that you——"

He got no further. The man behind him leaped upon his shoulders, and at the same instant the prince and the others started toward him.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN NICK CARTER GOT NEXT.

There was a moment of fury, a moment of hurricane effort, a moment of chaos, and then it was over.

The mere overpowering force of numbers served to conquer the detective.

There were so many men there. There were the five men with the prince, in front of Nick, and the man on his back, clinging to him with legs and hands, and thus in every way retarding everything that he might have done to defend himself.

And then, when the scene changed, Nick was lying on his back on the floor, held there by the mere force of numbers, and the prince was standing over him, with an evil smile on his face, and with his big, white teeth gleaming dangerously through his beard.

"There is no time like the present," he said. "I quote you, Mr. Carter, although I might find better precedents."

"There is one which you might discover," replied the detective.

"And what is that, pray?"

"It is now directly behind you, if you care to take the trouble to look over your shoulder."

There were five men holding the detective down, and he reckoned correctly when he figured that one and all of them would turn the moment he made that remark to discover what it was that was behind them.

And they did turn.

It afforded the opportunity for which the detective had planned in that moment of inactivity following upon his being borne to the floor, helpless.

As they turned, he leaped to his feet.

He seized the prince by the throat and ran him across the floor to the other side of the room so quickly that he did not realize that he had been seized at all until his head came in contact with the wall.

Walls are proverbially harder than heads.

Petrowanoff butted the wall as a battering ram might have done, and he fell to the floor like a clod of sod that is dropped from the spade of a laborer.

The six men who were left in the room—the five who had attacked Nick in front and the fellow who had crept on him from behind—rushed after him as he crossed the floor with the prince in his grasp.

But as he threw the prince from him and turned to face them, he laughed.

"Come on!" he said. "How many of you are there? The more the merrier! Nick Carter's blood is up!"

And then again he threw into his hands those wonderful weapons about which so much has been said, and he shot the foremost one of them—the man who had leaped upon his back—straight between the eyes, killing him.

"Hands up, boys!" he said. "I think that I control the situation now. Who is the first man to give his name and pedigree?"

Nobody replied.

There was Nick Carter, standing against the wall, with Prince Petrovanoff at his feet, insensible, and with five live men and one dead one in front of him.

"This is the first occasion," said the detective, calmly, "that I have been confronted with a proposition of which I am not the master. All you people are Russians. You don't belong here at all. I told the prince only a moment ago that the way to the Grand Central Station was short. He did not take me literally; but I want you all to take me literally now. The prince came here by command of the czar. He is here to capture me. You can all see how near he is to doing it. I know every one of you. I know who you are and what you are. It is a long way from here to Russia, but I think you had all better start at once."

One of the men stepped forward.

"May I be permitted to say a word?" he asked.

"A dozen, if you like," replied the detective.

"We have no personal enmity against you, Mr. Carter."

"I appreciate that fact, all right."

"We would be delighted to serve under you."

"More delighted, doubtless, than I would be myself to have you. But that doesn't cut any ice. Why are you here, and what do you expect to accomplish? Do you suppose, for example, that you are going to take me back to Russia with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What then?"

"We were told to carry out the commands of our emperor. We were ordered to take you to Russia, dead or alive."

"And you expect to do it I suppose?" said the detective, smiling.

"We did; but we no longer have that expectation."

"Do you know the way there?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you the money to pay your fares?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many more of you are there in this country at the present time?"

"We do not know. We are aware of the fact that there are many more, but just how many, we cannot say."

"Have you no idea how many men the prince brought to this country with him?"

"He brought nobody with him but me, sir. The others came afterward. I doubt if he knows himself just how many men of the Third Section are here."

"Then he was not in chief command of it?"

"No."

"What is your name? You are not a Russian."

"No; I am a Frenchman. I serve the Third Section of Russia for the reason that I receive good pay. It is a mere question of dollars with me—a mere question of serving the master who pays me."

"And that master, at the present time, is the chief of the Third Section, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have not yet told me your name."

"The name under which I am known in Russia is Jean Le Fevre, but that is not my true name. I had another in Paris, where I served under Charles Malet. He afterward went to St. Petersburg, and later I followed him there."

Nick turned from him to the other four, who had stood silently listening to the conversation, and after surveying them in one quick but comprehensive glance, he returned his attention to the man who called himself Le Fevre.

"And what of these men?" he asked.

"There is only one Russian among them, and he is a nihilist," replied Le Fevre.

"And what about this dead man? I am sorry that I was compelled to shoot him, but there was no other course. What about him?"

"He was in the employ of Prince Petrovanoff since his childhood. He was devoted to the prince in the same way that a savage dog is often devoted to a brutal master. The more cruel the master, the more devoted the dog. That was why he attacked you—and that is why you were compelled to shoot him."

The prince stirred uneasily on the floor at that moment, and uttered a moan, so that the detective turned to him.

"The prince is reviving," he said to Le Fevre.

"Yes, sir. He is like a bullock. You cannot hurt him beyond temporary unconsciousness, as you see. He will have revived in a moment more."

"Very well, Le Fevre. If you are sincere in what you have said to me, bind the prince and let us see what he will have to say when he revives."

Then he turned his glance again upon the remaining four men.

"You have heard what Le Fevre has said to me?" he asked.

"We have," they replied, as if with one voice.

"What have you to say? Let each man speak for himself. Step forward, you! What is your name?"

"Ringowski."

"Are you the nihilist?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you have no especial love for Russia?"

"I love Russia, but I do not love the men who control Russia. I am a nihilist."

"Why are you here?"

"I am serving the men who sent me here."

"And they are nihilists?"

"I have already told you that."

"You have heard what Jean Le Fevre has said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then permit Le Fevre to disarm you. I can talk more understandingly with you if I know that you have no weapons at your immediate command."

Without another word, Le Fevre stepped forward and with quick motions deprived Ringowski of his weapons, and these he laid on the table from which, earlier in the evening, Yvonne had seized the inkstand which she had hurled into the face of the prince.

"Step back, Ringowski," said the detective; and then he turned to the second man.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Marakoff."

"Are you a Russian?"

"I am a Pole."

"Your name is not Polish."

"My name is like my coat. I change it when it becomes threadbare."

"Have you heard what Jean Le Fevre has said and what Ringowski has agreed to?"

"I have."

"Then it is your turn to be disarmed. Le Fevre, I look to you to attend to these little matters."

Again Le Fevre stepped forward, and, as in the case of Ringowski, he deprived Marakoff of his weapons and placed them on the table, as before.

Nick turned his attention to the third man of the group.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Jarieff."

"You come from Southern Russia."

"Yes, sir."

"But you do not appear like a Russian."

"I am a Servian."

"Why are you serving under the prince?"

"Because I am paid for it, and also because I can best serve my real masters by pretending to serve the prince."

"Are you armed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you of the same disposition as Le Fevre, Marakoff and Ringowski?"

"I am."

"Disarm him, Le Fevre, as you have done with the others."

Le Fevre obeyed, precisely after the manner in which he had already served.

"Who are you?" asked the detective, turning to the fourth man of the group.

"Sokalski."

"But that is not even a true Russian name."

"No, sir."

"Then give me your correct name."

"I would much prefer not to do that, if you will excuse me."

"What is your nationality?"

"I am an American."

"What?"

"It is true, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

"For the same reason that the others are here."

"Humph! Well, Sokalski, I will talk to you later. For the present it is sufficient to inquire if you are of the disposition to join with your friends in what has already taken place?"

"If I were not, you would have been aware of the fact before now, sir," replied Sokalski.

Nick looked at the man for a moment without replying. Then he turned to Le Fevre, and said very quietly and very softly:

"Le Fevre, I do not believe this man. He lies when he says that he is an American. He is not one. I doubt very much if he has ever seen America. You will disarm him as you have disarmed the others. If he objects—shoot him. When he is disarmed, you will bind him as you have already bound the prince."

And then, as Le Fevre stepped forward to obey, a rough voice came up from the floor, at the feet of the detective.

"Who spoke of the prince?" it demanded.

"I, prince, so please your grace," replied Nick. "You told me only a few moments ago that there was no time like the present. I took you at your word. The present is now quite at my command. You are now my prisoner, and these men of yours—all save two—are serving under my orders."

"And who are the two?" asked the prince. "I would like to know that."

"There is one who is dead; I do not know his name. There is another who has lied to me."

"Well, and what now? You seem to have gained the upper hand, Carter. What now? What are you going to do with us?"

"I am going to treat you to a little breath of Russia, transplanted to America. I am going to do what you do

in your own country—I am going to defy the law. I shall take you to my own house, and hold you a prisoner there in defiance of the law and of your Russia; and when I have done with you, I have an idea that you will be in a position to admit that Russia is only a bluff, after all, and that Nick Carter knew how to get next."

CHAPTER VI.

THE IMPULSE OF MADNESS.

"Le Fevre," said the detective, after a pause, during which the prince had glared at him darkly, but had made no statement in reply to Nick's assertion, "I believe that I can trust you."

"You can," was the calm reply.

"I think that your right name is Lafont, and that you are a son of the Paul Lafont in whom Charles O'Malley—or Malet, as you knew him—placed such implicit trust. I think it because you resemble your father, but more because you have the same air of replying to questions and of obeying orders."

"You are correct, Mr. Carter. I am Paul Lafont, *fils*—or junior, as you say in this country."

"Your father once saved my life."

"Yes, sir; and you twice saved his."

"That is true, also, I think, although the fact had escaped me for the moment."

"My father did not forget it; neither will I."

"Your father was the best shadow detective I ever knew."

"Thank you, sir."

"And the most faithful server."

"I thank you again, Mr. Carter."

"Will you serve me?"

"With all my heart."

"I believe in you, Paul, just as I once believed in your father. You may not recall the circumstance, for you were a boy then, but your father did me a great service—one which I can never forget."

"I know what it was. You refer to the time when the Princess Olga——"

"Enough, Paul! I see that you know. Will you do me a favor now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you serve me?"

"With all my heart."

"I want you to go to a telephone."

"Yes, sir."

"Call up police headquarters. Ask for Inspector McClusky."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him that I am here, at this house, waiting for him to come. Tell him that I would much prefer that nothing be said about the events of this night until after I have seen him and explained—and that I want this dead man gotten rid of as soon and as expeditiously as possible. Also that Prince Petrovanoff—— Oh, well, you need say nothing about the prince, save that I have a Russian scoundrel here, and that I know best how to take care of him. I think that will do. It will be sufficient. Get the inspector here as soon as possible."

There was a glint of red in the eyes of the prince, such as a small-mouth bass, which you have taken on a light rod from a rapidly running river, always has—such as a maddened bull in a Mexican ring has, when he finds that there is no escape for him and that he must fight to the death.

"And I am the one to whom you referred as the Russian scoundrel, I suppose?" he said.

"Certainly," replied the detective, calmly.

"I wish I were free; I wish these men of mine had not been traitors; I wish that I might fight with you, hand to hand, Nick Carter!"

"My dear prince," replied the detective, calmly smiling down upon the helpless representative of the Russian throne, "many of your countrymen have expressed the same wish before now, and most of them have been gratified. It isn't a question of your muscles; it is a mere question of brains. You and your people have always lost when they have stacked up against Nick Carter. You have the impulse of madness, of brutality, of recklessness for the feelings of all others save yourselves. You are my prisoner now. Your impulse of madness has worn off; you have ceased to be a prince. You are only a thing. You are a great man in Russia, but here you are only a—shall I say it?"

"Yes; say it."

"We spell it, c-h-u-m-p. Have you heard the definition of that word?"

"Carter," said the prince, grinding his teeth together in his effort to suppress his mad rage, "I am not a coward!"

"Neither is a rabid dog," replied Nick, smiling down at him.

"I wish you would let me fight you."

Nick Carter shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"I can wound a wolf in the woods, a bear in the forest or a coyote on the prairie, and any one of them would like to fight me—after he is wounded; but, Petrovanoff, there is one animal which never fights, save by the stench it can make; I don't need to tell you the name of it, do I?"

Without waiting for a reply to the question, Nick turned to Lafont.

"We will wait here until you return," he said. "You have your orders, and I know that you will obey them."

The weapons which had been taken from the three men, Ringowski, Marakoff and Janieff, were still on the table, and Lafont crossed to it and gathered them together with one sweep of his arm.

"These are yours," he said. And he placed them in a heap on the floor at the feet of the detective. Then he crossed to the door, and he paused there for an instant, and, turning, added: "Until I return."

"This has been rather a pleasant evening, take it all together," said Nick, when Lafont had gone. "Did you and your friends think, prince, that you could perhaps come to New York and run the United States on the same plan whereby you operate—what do you call it when you are at home—Russia?"

"We are not through yet," growled the prince.

"No?" said Nick. "Possibly the others are not, but you are!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say. That you are through. It may be that you suppose that you can get out of this country and return to your own, to perform the same acts of inhumanity which have been your pleasure—and I suppose your profit, also—for so many years. But, prince, you have got to the end of your rope. There is nothing more doing for you—now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You have already asked that question of me once."

"Then suppose you answer it."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world."

"Well, what, then?"

"Exactly what I say. That it is my intention to treat you exactly as you would treat me if I were now your prisoner in Southern Russia."

"And that means—what?"

"Answer the question for yourself, prince. I haven't yet searched this house, but I have not a doubt that we will find thumbscrews, racks and other implements of torture which you have imported on the idea that you can run America. When the inspector arrives, we will go through the house, and if we find any such things—why, then we will try them on you, just to see if they are in good working order, and if they will induce you to tell certain things which nobody else could tell us."

"You would dare to subject me to the torture?"

"Ah! the shot told, did it not? You have the implements here, eh?"

"And what if I have?"

"Doubtless, also, you threatened to use them on the Countess de Tierney, eh?"

"And what if I did?"

"And you were also seeking me, in order to pull my joints apart, dislocate my knees and my elbows, render my fingers longer, and perform a lot of other little, pleasant acts of the kind such as you enjoy on your own estates. Prince, that sort of thing doesn't go in the United States of America."

"You can't scare me, Nick Carter!"

"No, but I can hurt you. You haven't enough intelligence to be frightened. A man has to realize the danger he is in before he is afraid, and then it is only his nerve which renders him brave. You are not a brave man; you are only a common brute."

"You say brave things to me, Nick Carter, when you have me bound and helpless, lying on the floor at your feet."

"Sure! I chain you down just as I would chain down an alligator—but you must remember that it is not long ago when you had me down in the same way."

"I wish I had you there now."

"I haven't a doubt of it."

"I would dislocate your knees and your elbows, all right; and I would do other things to you which would cause you to remember Prince Petrovanoff as long as you live!"

"Precisely; just as I will do certain things to you which will cause you to remember Nick Carter in the same way."

Ringowski, Marakoff and Janieff were seated quietly at one side of the room, observing the scene, and now the eyes of the prince roved to them.

"Why don't you rescue me from the hands of this man?" he demanded.

It was Ringowski who replied.

"We are serving under the orders of Jean Le Fevre," he said, calmly.

"You are traitors!"

Ringowski shrugged his shoulders.

"We obey orders," he said, simply. "We were never told to obey you. We obey Jean, whom this gentleman has called by the name of Paul Lafont."

The prince started so that he almost burst the bonds which held him.

"Paul Lafont!" he exclaimed.

"I see that you recall the name," said Nick, laughing again.

"I recall the name of Paul Lafont, but this cannot be the same man. The Paul Lafont whom I knew——"

"Is dead," interrupted the detective. "This happens to be his son; and it also happens that he remembers me and certain things which I once did for his father. You are up against it, prince. This impulse of madness of yours has led you astray. A man may be without honor in his own country, as I think you are, but Nick Carter is rarely without friends in any country."

CHAPTER VII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The inspector was seated in his office alone when Nick entered it on the morning following the events described in the last chapter.

Nick had telephoned to him his desire to have a private interview, and the inspector was awaiting him when he arrived.

"Well, Nick, what now?" he asked. "More of the Russo-Japanese war transferred to the city of New York?"

"That's about the size of it."

"You must have had quite a time of it in the house in Forty-third Street last night."

"Well, we had some changing scenes, and some quick changes, at that," smiled the detective.

"And you captured the king pin of the whole muddle, besides rescuing the Countess de Tierney, eh?"

"Yes; it turned out in that way."

"And you found rather an unexpected ally in the person of Paul Lafont."

"I hope so."

"Do you mean that you have doubts about him?"

"Well, a chap who can transfer his loyalty so readily will bear watching."

"That's so."

"What I want to know, inspector, is how we are going to hold Petrovanoff?"

"Why, just as I have known you to hold others before him—by holding him."

The detective shook his head.

"This is different," he said.

"How so?"

"Petrovanoff is a man of great power and influence in Russia."

"What of that?"

"If we make any charge against him, the power of the foreign office of his own country and the state department of our own will quickly be set to work. He would be set at liberty, and he would not be ordered out of the country, either."

"And you think it is necessary that he should leave the country?"

"I regard it as imperative."

"Why?"

"You know what he has already done—how he has defied the laws here, and what crimes he has connived at."

"We can hold a man who has committed a crime, no matter what his station in life may be in his own country," said the inspector.

"True; but we are absolutely without proof that this man has committed a crime—and we are powerless to obtain any."

"Why?"

"Because in each case he has concealed his own hand so perfectly that it cannot be discovered; and he is much too high in station to be held here upon mere suspicion."

"Humph!" growled the inspector.

"Remember the case of the murder of Madame Yagarosi? He did not commit the deed, but we know that it was he who directed it."

"That is true."

"Von Bulow, and even Michael, had to suffer for that event; Petrovanoff goes free."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"Wait."

"Well, what more?"

"This: Think what he has dared to do in introducing a torture chamber into the heart of the city of New York."

"What would you have me think about it?"

"I want you to be impressed with the character of this man, with his daring, with his contempt for all laws save that of his own will, for I want you to realize the necessity of getting rid of him."

"Again, then, what do you suggest?"

"Why, that we must decide either to lock him away, in close confinement, and keep him, or that we send him somehow, as a prisoner, into Japan, where he will be well cared for until the war is at an end."

"Either one of those suggestions would come under the head of a mighty dangerous proceeding, Nick."

"I'll grant you that."

"How could you hope to carry out the first one successfully?"

"I think I could keep him where he is now—in my own house."

"If you do that there is always the chance that Lafont will betray you."

"Precisely."

"And if you are betrayed, you must remember that you would stand in the light of having transgressed the laws of the neutrality of nations."

"I understand all about that."

"And do you also understand how you would be able to escape discovery?"

"I could only be sure of that in one way—and that is next to impossible."

"What is it?"

"To keep every one of the men who were with him last night, in that house in Forty-third Street, also in solitary confinement."

"By Jove! Nick, you would turn your house into a veritable prison."

"I could not keep them all there, of course."

"What would you do with the others?"

"That is where I would have to call upon you for assistance."

The inspector shook his head.

"Impossible," he said.

"Why?"

"Because it cannot be done."

"You mean because you would not consent to do your part of it, eh?"

"Yes, that's the idea. I couldn't."

"Then we must abandon that scheme."

"As far as I am concerned, you must."

"And the other—that of sending him to Japan—what do you think of that?"

"Let me hear your ideas about it."

"I have only one."

"What is it?"

"Simply to place him in charge of Ten-Ichi."

"Ten-Ichi! Do you suppose for a moment that he could get him there without being discovered?"

"I have a fairly good idea that he could do it."

"How? Tell me that."

"Well, to be frank with you, I think it could be accomplished in something of the same manner in which I was once taken across the Continent without discovery."

The inspector started to his feet.

"Do you mean Zanoni, and that infernal drug of hers?" he demanded.

The inspector dropped back into his chair.

"The very boldness of the idea almost takes away one's breath," he said.

Nick smiled and made no reply, and presently the inspector continued:

"Will Zanoni consent to this thing?" he asked.

"She will if I ask her to do so," was the quiet reply.

"But what will become of her?"

"Ten-Ichi is a prince in his own country. He will look out for her."

"Tell me honestly why you are so anxious to get rid of this man, Nick."

"Because I know that if he is permitted to remain here, and to be at liberty, he will create a trail of assassination which will be appalling, and that it will all be accomplished so deftly that we will never be able to fasten a single crime upon him, or to prove that he is implicated in one."

"I am not so sure of that," said the inspector.

"I am, and of more, as well."

"What more?"

"That my two friends, Yvonne and Zanoni, will be among his victims—among the first. That you yourself will be one of them, and——"

"Bosh!"

"That I will be another, and that Chick, Patsy, Ten-Ichi, and others whom I might name, will fall victims to the horde of men he has here with him, who only await his orders to execute them."

"One might think that you had suddenly become fearsome, Nick, if one did not know you much too well for that."

"I am afraid of what he will do—not for myself, but for others."

"You refer to a horde of men who are here under his commands; do you know that to be true?"

"Absolutely."

"Third Section men, I suppose."

"Certainly."

"Where are they located?"

"Everywhere about the city. In hotels, cafés, in office buildings—all over town. He, no doubt, operated here as they operate there in St. Petersburg."

"And that is by never coming into personal contact with his men—that is, save with a few of them through whom he directs the others."

"Yes."

"And the few with whom he did come into personal contact in this case were the six who were there with him in the house in Forty-third Street."

"Exactly."

"So you think that if we remove the actual chief, the others must become inoffensive because of lack of direction? Is that the idea?"

"That is exactly the idea, inspector."

"If we destroy the root, the tree will die a normal death."

"It must. These men are men who know only how to obey orders. They have no initiative at all. Without a directing hand, they are helpless, as well as harmless."

"But with that directing hand held over them?"

"There is not one of them who would hesitate to shoot either one of us down in broad daylight, and to take the consequences for the act, if he was directed to do so."

"Do you realize, Nick," asked the inspector, after a short pause, during which he had been thinking deeply, "that in pursuing either one of the courses you have mapped out, you actually set at defiance the whole Russian empire?"

"Of course I realize it."

"It is the boldest thing I ever knew you to undertake."

"Nevertheless, it will not be the first time I have defied the whole Russian empire."

"This man is undoubtedly here by direct order of the czar."

"He is here, without doubt, by one of those orders

which are supposed to proceed from the czar, but which the czar rarely knows anything about."

"Nevertheless, it is by order of the czar."

"Yes."

"And if you carry it out, Petrovanoff will some day come to his senses."

"Yes."

"And he will remember all that has taken place, and to whom he owes the indignity to which he was subjected."

"Without doubt."

"In that case, it would be like him, would it not, to set the whole machinery of diplomacy at work to destroy you?"

"I haven't a doubt of it."

"Where would you be then?"

"I am quite sure that I could be found at my present address, or over the telephone, if you should not have time to call," and the detective smiled into the troubled eyes of the inspector.

"I was only thinking of you," said the latter.

"I know that, old chap. All the same, long before Petrovanoff could get his wheels to moving, the state department at Washington would be put in possession of everything that had occurred."

"That's a good idea, Nick."

"I have rendered this government some considerable service in my time—and almost every department of the government. I shall not fear the consequences, so far as that part of the matter is concerned."

"Then it is this last plan which you consider the most feasible?"

"Yes."

"And you wish me to help you?"

"Certainly."

"How?"

"By arranging so that I shall not be bothered by any police investigations on the way across the Continent. You can easily do that."

"Yes; but do you mean to say that you would go yourself?"

"As far as the steamer on which the others embark for Japan—yes."

"That would require two weeks, Nick. I hardly feel as if you could be spared from the city for that length of time just now."

"I could send Chick with Ten-Ichi."

"That would be better, I think."

"Then you agree to the suggestion?"

"I think so."

"Then say yes."

"Very well—yes."

"Good! I will complete all the necessary arrangements for the trip during the day. We will get them started away to-night. How does that suit you?"

"All right; but can you do it so quickly?"

"Yes."

"Where is Zanoni now?"

"At my house, awaiting me. I told her that I might have something of great importance to say to her when I returned."

"And you are positive that she will consent to do this thing for you? To drug the prince, and then instruct him into a belief that he is some other person, the same as she and Dr. Quartz once did for you?"

"Certainly I am."

"And that no permanent injury will result from it?"

"I was not injured, and I think Petrovanoff can stand it as well as I did."

"It's a mighty bold thing to do, Nick," muttered the inspector, shaking his head.

"The boldest things succeed the best, as a rule," replied Nick.

"True; now, what do you wish me to do?"

"To meet me here at three this afternoon, when I will have all my plans arranged. Then, and not till then, can I tell you just what is what, save that the principle thing is that I wish you to give Chick or Ten-Ichi a shield and a letter of authorization. The particulars of that letter I do not know yet; but I will know them at three o'clock."

"It strikes me that you are getting me about as deep into the mud as you will be in the mire, Nick."

"So it would seem, old fellow."

"Well, I guess we can stand for it. We have stood together against some pretty tall odds before now, and I can foresee that if we do not get Petrovanoff out of the country, he will give us a lot of trouble."

"Yes; and one thing more. By getting him out of the country in the way we do, he will have a whole lot more respect for the institutions of this country in the future. He won't think it so easy a matter to come over here and Russianize the United States."

CHAPTER VIII.

TRANSFORMING A PRINCE—THE MAN OUTSIDE.

Prince Petrovanoff was confined in a room at the top of Nick Carter's house, which the detective reserved for just such purposes and occasions.

He was fiercely angry and sullen, for he had been subjected to indignities such as one of his blood and brood had never suffered before.

In a word, he was chained to the wall.

This sounds like a harsh measure for the detective to have adopted without the shadow of authority; but the detective was only too well aware of the desperate chance-

ter and the stupendous strength of the prince, and he had determined to leave no loophole open for his escape.

"Well, prince," said the detective, as he entered the padded room, "how are you feeling?"

"I would like to get my hands at your throat, you dog!" growled the prince.

"No doubt, no doubt. Well, by and by, perhaps, you will have the chance."

"You bet I'll have the chance! I'll have it if it takes the rest of my life to get it."

"Perhaps that portion of your life which you call the rest of it may not be long," said Nick, quietly.

"You don't dare to kill me," sneered the prince, not in the least alarmed.

"I certainly do not care to kill you, but there are many others who would like the job."

"You shall pay for this indignity when I return to Russia."

Nick shrugged his shoulders.

"It may be a long time before you will get there," he said.

"You dare not keep me here, a prisoner, Carter."

"I certainly do not intend to do so."

The face of the prince lighted for an instant.

"You are going to set me free?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I am going to send you elsewhere."

"Where? To some prison? They won't keep me long."

"Perhaps not; but we will see."

"Ay, we will see, you dog!"

"That is twice you have applied that term to me in the last five minutes. Let me remind you that dogs are much nobler animals than Tartar-Russians, like yourself."

The prince only scowled his reply.

"I am going to bring a lady to see you, presently," said Nick.

"The Countess Yvonne, I suppose?"

"No; another, although the countess is in the house, and may accompany us if she cares to do so."

"Who, then?"

"One Zanoni—Madame Zanoni. Have you ever heard of her?"

In spite of his self-control, the prince bit his lips and paled a little.

"What of her? Why do you bring her here?" he demanded.

"Wait, and you will soon know," replied the detective. Then he abruptly left the room.

He found Zanoni and the countess seated in the large sitting room on the second floor.

"Zanoni," he said, quietly, taking a chair near her, "the time has come when I wish to ask a great favor and a great sacrifice at your hands."

She raised her eyes and looked steadily into his.

"Ask them," she replied, in her low, firm tones. "I am entirely at your service."

"But this is a greater one than you could expect me to ask of you."

"Never mind what it may be; ask it."

"First, have you in your possession any of the drug with which I was once changed into Lord Algernon Travers?"

Zanoni started as if a bee had stung her, and for an instant looked wildly at him. Then, after a moment, she replied:

"Yes, I have some of it."

"Where is it?"

"In the little case which I always carry with me, in this bag," and she reached out her hand to the table, and touched a small bag such as women carry in place of a pocket or two.

"Have you also the antidote there?"

"Yes."

"The time has come for you to make use of them in a good cause."

"But how?"

"The prince is on the top floor of this house, a prisoner, as you know."

"Yes."

"I cannot keep him there."

"No."

"Nor can I send him to a city prison. His consul or his ambassador at Washington would soon have him liberated."

"Yes. Yvonne and I were discussing that when you entered."

"He is much too dangerous to be at large just now."

"He is a dangerous man, and he has a great deal of power."

"And many men here in this country to help him to exert that power," interrupted Yvonne. "He told me as much when I was his prisoner so short a time. He probably has more than a hundred men here in this city, serving him."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Nick; and then he turned to Zanoni again.

"I have decided to send him out of the country," he said.

"By the use of my drug?"

"Yes. It once made me forget who I was and firmly believe that I was another person. It will do the same for him, will it not?"

"Assuredly."

"And just as thoroughly?"

"Even more thoroughly, for he has not the intelligence to overcome which you possessed."

"You are willing to make use of it, Zanoni?"

"If you direct me to do so, yes."

"I wish you to do so, Zanoni."

"Then I will do it."

"And are you willing, in company with Chick and Ten-Ichi, to travel with him?"

"Oh, no! no! no! Not as I did with you! I could not do that!"

"And you need not do it. We can teach him a different lesson than the one you taught me at that time."

"Where are we to go?"

"To Japan."

"Oh, no! no! not so far, I pray you."

"It is the only way, Zanoni, and I ask it of you."

"Then I will go."

"Thank you, my friend. You need remain there no longer than the time required to take a steamer back again."

"When must we start?"

"To-night."

"So soon?"

"Yes; it is necessary."

"And Yvonne—what will become of her?"

"No harm shall befall Yvonne. It is to protect her life, your own and the lives of many others, that I am asking this sacrifice of you."

"I will do it. I will do it. But who will administer the drug to Petrovanoff?"

"I will; and I need no instructions after you have it ready for me. I remember quite distinctly how it was done."

Zanoni shuddered.

"You need not shudder, my friend, for I would not take that experience out of my life if I could. It was one of happiness to the end, and it is one of happiness now to recall."

"Thank you—Nick," she replied, gratefully.

"Then I have only to call Chick and Ten-Ichi, and give them their instructions."

"Wait," said Zanoni. "What is the route in which we must instruct the prince, after he receives the solution into his veins?"

"I have thought of that. We will convince him that he is an Englishman—a rich merchant of Birmingham, who has lost his health and who is traveling to regain it. We will call him George Brixton. You shall be his niece, Miss Brixton, and Ten-Ichi, his Japanese servant."

"And what of Chick?"

"Chick will be Mr. Chickering, but he will represent himself as an officer from Scotland Yard, in London, whose services have been engaged at numerous expense to act as personal body-guard."

"That will do," she said, nodding her head; "but why need I go at all?"

"To administer the antidote, Zanoni. I dare not trust another to do it."

"Very well," she said, resignedly.

"You have no fear that he will be more difficult to handle than I was, have you?"

"No," she replied. "The drug will do its work. All that is necessary is for us to be thorough in giving him the impressions he is to use. But——"

"But what?"

"He does not at all resemble an Englishman."

"I will make him resemble one sufficiently well for the purpose; don't fear about that."

"His great, yellow beard would proclaim him a Russian anywhere."

"I will shave it off. Have no fears about his make-up, or that it will wear off before he is delivered in Japan."

"What is to become of him then?"

"He is to become a prisoner of war of the Japanese. Ten-Ichi will arrange that, directly with the emperor; and he will be assured of kindly treatment."

"And I—I must stand before him the moment when he returns to himself, and listen to his ravings! Oh——"

"Zanoni, have you lost your old-time courage?"

"There are times when I think I have; but I also believe that I possess a truer and a greater courage now than then."

"I believe so, too, Zanoni. But let me reassure you. I will arrange with Ten-Ichi so that you shall stand behind a screen, and so that you shall escape from the scene of the awakening without being seen by the prince, after you have administered the dose which is to restore him to himself again."

"Thank you. I hope it can be done."

"And now," said Nick, "you have much to do. You are to start for Japan this evening. Will you be ready?"

"I will be ready."

"Good! I will go now and make all necessary arrangements with Chick and Ten-Ichi. Within an hour we will attend to changing the prince into Mr. George Brixton. It is a fortunate thing that he speaks English without a sign of accent."

"I dread the scene," said Zanoni.

"We all dread it; but it is a necessity, and must be done."

The two assistants, Chick and Ten-Ichi, were in the study, awaiting him, for he had sent word by Peter that he wished them to meet him there.

"Lads," he said, when he entered, "you are to start together for Japan to-night."

"I, also, do you mean?" asked Ten-Ichi, in surprise

"Yes; you most important of all."

"What will my father say?"

"He will say that you have done well to grant my request; and you may return on the next steamer, with Chick and Madame Zanoni, if you wish, or if he wishes it."

"Zanoni goes with us, eh?" said Chick.

"Yes; and also Petrovanoff."

"But he will be made a prisoner as soon as he arrives in Japan," exclaimed Ten-Ichi.

"That is precisely what I wish to happen; but I wish him to be a prisoner who will be exceptionally well cared for and guarded, for whom there will be no exchange accepted, and whose existence as a prisoner there at all will be kept as secret as possible. Do you think you can arrange that with your father, Ten-Ichi?"

"Yes; I can arrange it if I can get to my father with him before the prince is recognized."

"You can do that, for he will not know himself who he is."

"Ah!" exclaimed Chick. "I understand now why Zanoni goes with us. She is to drug him, and we are to convince him that he is another and a different person."

"Precisely. He is to be served exactly as I was served when I was taken to that island in the South Pacific. But there will be a somewhat different arrangement from that case. She will travel as his niece, Ten-Ichi as his Japanese servant, and you, Chick, as his bodyguard, hired from Scotland Yard."

Then Nick instructed them both thoroughly in the parts they would be expected to play, relating all that had occurred between him and the inspector regarding the matter, and all that had been said to Zanoni.

"I charge you both to guard Zanoni well and carefully while you are on this trip," he said, in conclusion, "and to bring her back safely here to me."

The double promise was made, and then the detective glanced at his watch.

"Come!" he said. "We have barely time to finish what we have to do with the prince before it will be time for me to meet the inspector. I will play the part of the doctor, after the drug is administered, and you each know your own parts now."

"We do," said Ten-Ichi, solemnly.

"When it is done—when we have taught him who he is and what he is, for this trip to Japan—then I will leave you and go to the inspector. At a quarter before five you will leave here for the station in a closed carriage; you two, with the prince and Zanoni."

"Yes, sir."

"I will meet you there, to see you well started on your way, and, if possible, the inspector will be with me. Come!"

Zanoni was sent for, and Yvonne, who wished to see the act performed, came with her.

Together they went to the room where the prince was confined, and they were received, as may be supposed, with scowls and threats and not a few Russian curses.

"I suppose I should consider myself honored?" he said, with a sneer. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

"We have come, prince, to send you on a little vacation," replied Nick Carter, while the others remained silent.

"A vacation? How and where? Am I to be set at liberty?"

"You are to be relieved of all responsibility of what may happen during the next three or four weeks—as you shall see."

"What balderdash talk is all this?" asked the prince.

For reply, Nick nodded toward his two assistants, who stepped swiftly forward so that they stood on either side of the prince. Then, at another signal, they darted forward and seized him, and while Chick held him on one side by mere muscular strength, Ten-Ichi applied, on the other hand, his wonderful knowledge of the Japanes art of wrestling.

After a struggle which lasted only a few seconds, the prince was powerless and motionless in their dual grasp, and then Nick Carter stepped forward, without a word, and thrust the point of a hypodermic needle deep into Petrovanoff's arm.

He could not dodge it; he could not avoid it; he could not even curse as he was wont to do, for the power of the wonderful drug acted so quickly that he almost instantly fell a victim to its influence when it entered his veins.

After a moment or two, during which he gazed vacantly around him, he raised his eyes to the detective, and, in a weak voice, said:

"I seem to have met you before, sir; but I do not remember when or where," and he spoke in English, because he had been conversing in that language when the drug was administered.

"You have been very ill," said the detective, in a low tone, to him.

"Ah, yes, so I have; but I do not remember much about it."

"That is because you have just returned to consciousness, Mr. Brixton,"

"Brixton? Brixton? Is that my name?"

"Certainly it is your name. You are Mr. George Brixton, a very rich manufacturer of Birmingham, England. Don't you remember the fact now?"

"Yes, yes; but who are you?"

"Your physician, called in to attend you since you arrived in America. This is your niece, Miss Brixton, this your Japanese servant, Ten-Ichi, and this, your bodyguard, from Scotland Yard, Chickering by name."

"Strange that I seem to have such a shadowy memory of it all; but it comes back to me as you say it."

"It will all come back to you, bit by bit, and whenever you are in doubt about a point, you must rely upon the memory of your attendants to set you right."

"Certainly, certainly."

The prince tried to rise to his feet, and was assisted by Ten-Ichi on one side and Chick on the other. He was very weak, for the drug had stolen the strength from his muscles as it had the direction of his ideas. All his past was entirely blotted out of his recollection, and the only ideas he would have henceforth, until the antidote was administered, would be those that were suggested to him by his companions.

"You have wished for a long time to have those whiskers shaved from your face, and now that you have returned to consciousness, it shall be done at once," said the detective.

"Yes, yes, that is right. Have it done at once."

"You are going to take the train to-night, and travel westward. You are going to Japan."

"Indeed! So far? Where are we now?"

"In New York City, but just arrived from England."

"Oh, yes; Birmingham."

"Whenever you are in doubt about anything concerning the past or the future, you are to consult your niece. She will help you, and soon you will be well again. Do you remember her first name?"

"Somehow I cannot recall it."

"It is Clara—Miss Clara Brixton."

"Ah, yes, yes. Strange, isn't it, how memory will leave one?"

"It will return to you before very long."

Nick turned to the others.

"I will leave Mr. Brixton in your charge now," he said, calmly. "Ten-Ichi, you will shave him at once. Chickering, you will prepare him for his journey according to the instructions I have given you; and Miss Brixton, as you have much to do, your uncle will excuse you until it is time to start for the train."

"Certainly, certainly," said the prince.

Yvonne, who had remained in the background, hesitated through the door, and was followed by Zanoni and the detectives. Fifteen minutes later he left the house, and hastened directly to the office of the inspector, arriving there at exactly three o'clock.

There, as few words as possible, Nick described all that had taken place.

It did not take them long to get the necessary papers and badges in shape, for the use of Chick on the journey, in case there should be any question raised.

"What will you do with Lafont and the others when the prince is gone?" asked the inspector.

"Set them at liberty, and keep a watch on them. Lafont may be loyal; if he is, I will keep him, for a time, at least, in my employ. The others will lead us to the rest of the Third Section now in the city, and we will soon be rid of them all."

"I suppose you are right, but it is a risky business all through."

"I don't think so. I think it will work to a charm."

"And now—what?"

"I wish you would go to the train with me, to see them off. That is the only danger point, to my way of thinking. Once they are out of the station on their journey, I shall feel quite easy."

"All right; I will do that."

"There was a man outside my house when I left it whom I had no time to investigate or to follow, but I have a fancy that he will follow their carriage when it leaves, and we may have trouble with him at the station."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MADMAN ON THE TRAIN.

But nothing happened at the station—at least, nothing of any moment.

The carriage, with its four occupants, arrived, and were straightway conducted to their quarters in the sleeping car.

The prince and Ten-Ichi occupied the stateroom of the car together, and Chick and Zanoni each had a section to themselves.

Nick and the inspector remained in the background, watching with eagle eyes every person who came upon the platform, and every motion made by any of them which might be indicative of intent.

Then, just as the train was about to start—just as the gateman was closing his barred way to the limited—a man rushed through it and threw himself on the steps of the rear coach.

Fortunately, Nick saw the act in time, so that he could make a rush for the train, which he did. He and the inspector were further along the platform, beside the coaches, and he had only to turn and seize the rail of one of the car platforms and throw himself upon it.

"Albany only. Be right back," he said, rapidly, to the inspector; and he was gone.

The man he had seen pass through the gate and leap aboard the train was the same one he had noticed [illegible]

ing outside his house when he left it to go to the inspector's office, and he felt assured at once that if the spy had not recognized the prince, he had made a shrewd guess as to what was taking place.

The man had leaped aboard the very car upon which our party were passengers, and Nick had gained the forward platform of the same car.

While at the inspector's office, Nick had made such changes in his disguise that he felt assured the spy had neither seen nor recognized him at the station.

He had no doubt that the man had lingered outside the gate till the last minute, because he was on the lookout for him, and in this idea he was correct, as events proved.

The Pullman conductor and the porter of the car were on the same platform with Nick. The rear door of the car was closed and locked, and had it not been for the observation platform of that car, the spy would have been unable to gain a foothold at all.

But he had evidently counted on that point.

"I want merely a seat to Albany," Nick said to the conductor; and then, while the conductor was arranging it for him, he added:

"Did you see the man who jumped on the rear platform, just as we were starting?"

"No; was there one who did that?"

"Yes; just as the train started."

"Well, I'll let him cool his shins outside for a while, to pay him for his impudence."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that; let him in."

"Why should I? It's against the rules for passengers to board the train in that way."

"I did the same thing, only by another platform," said Nick.

"Yes; I saw you standing near us for a long time, but I thought you were only taking leave of your friend."

"No; I was waiting for the man who leaped on at the rear end."

"Ah! I see. A friend of yours who was late."

"Not at all. Merely a man who needs watching."

"So! You are a detective, then?"

"Yes; and the gentleman who stood beside me, and whom you thought was bidding me good-by, was Inspector McClusky."

The conductor uttered a low whistle.

"And the chap on the other end of the car is a crook, is he?"

"I don't know that he is exactly a crook, but he certainly isn't straight."

"Well then, why not leave him outside to enjoy the observation platform? It's nice and cool out there to-night."

"I'd rather you'd let him in—after a little; after you have attended to your other passengers. I am curious to see what he will do, and I want him, if possible, to commit some act for which I can arrest him; and I think he will do it."

"What do you think he will do?"

"He will attempt in some way to molest the party in the stateroom—a Mr. Brixton and his servant."

"The devil he will! Why, that man is traveling under the special protection of a Scotland Yard detective."

"Yes; and, for a short distance, also under the protection of a New York detective. English detectives are not entirely up to the ways on this side, and I thought I'd see the party safely as far as Albany."

"May I ask your name and your authority, sir? It is a mere matter of form, for I do not doubt you."

"I am Nick Carter; and here——"

"What! You are Nick Carter?"

"Yes," said Nick, with a smile.

"Do you happen to have a card with you?"

"A dozen, if you like," and Nick produced his case, and passed one of his own cards to the conductor.

"I don't suppose I'll know you from Adam the next time I see you," murmured the conductor.

"Oh, I don't know. I like to make myself known to men like you."

"Thank you, Mr. Carter. Now, what do you want me to do for you?"

"Let that fellow inside after a few moments, and then stand by to use your authority along with mine, in case he does anything that is questionable."

"And if he does not, what then?"

"That we will have to decide later."

"All right, Mr. Carter, take any vacant seat you find inside the car. I will come to you as soon as I have looked over the seat checks."

"Very good; and when you get to the rear door you might let your other passenger in."

"I'll do it."

Nick passed inside and strode through the car to a seat which was conveniently close to Chick's. He dropped into that for a moment and then moved over beside Chick.

"There's a spy on your track, Chick," he said.

"Yes; I saw him when we left the house. He followed us to the station."

"He's on the rear platform of this car now."

"Is that why you came aboard?"

"Yes."

"I think I could have handled him."

"No doubt; but I may be able to save you a lot of trouble by being here."

"What's his game, do you think?"

"He may have recognized the prince in spite of all that we have done to change him."

"I hardly think that possible."

"You had better go forward to the stateroom, Chick. Enter it for a moment, and then return here. When you come out, leave the door open, and tell Ten-Ichi to let it remain so for a while."

Chick obeyed instantly, and at that very moment the conductor opened the rear door and admitted the man who was waiting outside.

"What business have you out there?" demanded the conductor of the spy.

The man looked into his face and smiled. Then he hunched his shoulders, put out both hands with the palms upward and replied in French:

"What would you have me do?"

"Don't you speak English?" demanded the conductor.

"Oui. I spik Inglis ver', well, meestair."

"Then speak it. What business had you out there?"

"I have ze wish to travail."

"Have you a ticket?"

"Non. I have not ze time."

"Where are you going?"

The man hunched his shoulders and spread out his palms again.

"I do not know, as yet, monsieur," he said.

"What? You don't know where you are going?"

"Non!"

"I reckon you're a crank, aren't you?"

"Vot you call a crank; eh? Non. I await instructions from my friends."

"Friends! What friends?"

"Ze Prince Petrovam-ff."

"Who in blazes is he?"

"I not know in blazes, vot it means; but ze prince is here: in ze car."

"There is no prince on this car."

"Oui, monsieur; I can see him now; zere in ze compartment. He haf shave off his peard, but I know him; oui."

"Well, you sit down in that seat, right there, until the train conductor comes through, and then we'll decide what is to be done with you. It's my opinion that you are crazy, or else you are trying a clever dodge to escape the New York police."

"But, I wish to spik with ze prince."

"There is no prince here, I tell you."

"Oui, monsieur, zere is; zere, in ze compartment at ze other end of ze car."

"Let me tell you something, my friend. That man is not a prince. He is an Englishman."

"Non, non, my dear monsieur, I tell you——"

The conductor seized him by the shoulder and pushed him back into the seat he had indicated, and the eyes of the spy blazed in wrath upon him.

"You sit there till the train conductor comes through, or it will be worse for you," he said, sternly.

Chick, in the meantime, had returned to his seat beside Nick.

The conductor continued his business of collecting seat checks, and after he had passed along a little distance, the spy rose abruptly and crossed to Chick, for he had recognized him as one of the men who had come out of the detective's house in company with the prince.

"You! You!" he said, rapidly, in broken English, which it is not necessary to reproduce in full. "Vot you mean, hey? Vot for you bring ze prince——"

"Are you addressing me?" asked Chick, quietly.

"Oui, I address you! I also chastise you later."

"Eh? What's that? Chastise me? What's the matter, my man? Are you drunk?"

"Non. I am not drunk. Ha! I vill not talk to you at all. I vill go to ze prince."

He had discovered, in that instant, that the way was open between him and the door of the stateroom—that there was nobody in the aisle to obstruct his passage, and he turned with a bound and moved so quickly that he was at the stateroom door almost as soon as Chick was on his feet.

As for Nick, he rose leisurely, and followed slowly down the aisle.

Many of the passengers sprang to their feet, for the man's excited bearing had attracted the attention of all.

"He's doing it beautifully," thought Nick. "I could not have hoped that he would play into my hands so well."

In the meantime the spy had dashed through the door into the stateroom and had thrown himself on his knees beside the prince, who was reclining on the couch.

He spoke rapidly, and in Russian, which few there understood, but which was thoroughly intelligible to each of the detectives.

"I have come to save you!" he cried. "Where are they taking you? What have they done to you, my prince?"

He put out his hands, as if to seize the prince, but at that instant Chick seized him and pulled him roughly to his feet.

Then he began to struggle, and to cry out incoherently in his rage; but Chick held him on one side and Ten-Ichi on the other, and after a moment he quieted down somewhat, and began to talk in English again.

"It is the Prince Petrovanoff whom they are abducting," he cried, appealing to the passengers. "If you have sense of justice, you vill uphold me, messieurs."

"The man is undoubtedly crazy," said Nick, addressing the train conductor, who had arrived on the scene. "That is why I am here—because this fellow has been annoying Mr. Brixton ever since he arrived in this country, insisting that he is Prince Petrovanoff, whoever that person may be."

Nick displayed his shield to the conductor, and then, with deft fingers, slipped a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of the supposed crazy man.

"If you will slow up at Poughkeepsie, I will take him off the train there," he added.

"Wait a moment," said the conductor. "What do you say is the name of the gentleman on the couch?"

"Brixton."

The conductor stepped inside.

"Mr. Brixton," he said, "have you ever seen this man before?"

"I think I have—somewhere; but I don't remember where."

"You don't know his name?"

"Certainly not."

"Do you know this person to whom he refers as Prince Petrovanoff?"

"I have heard the name somewhere, but I do not recall where it was."

"Has he annoyed you in this manner before now?"

"Really, sir, I have been very ill for a long time. I have just traveled from my home, in Birmingham, and we are going a long distance for my health. I do not know why I should be subjected to this examination."

"Oh, my prince, my prince, my prince!" called out the spy, in agonizing tones.

"I wish, Chickering, that you would take the man away. He bothers me," said the prince.

"Come," said Nick. "We will take him to the smoking car," and he whirled the poor fellow around, away from the door, which Ten-Ichi from the inside immediately closed.

Then, for a minute, handcuffed as he was, the man fought them all, furiously.

He cried out with all his strength of voice that his prince was being stolen away, and he begged the passengers in three languages, to intercede for him.

Then, when he saw that his efforts were of no avail, he broke down and wept.

"He'll be quiet now," said the conductor, "and you may as well keep him here. We are almost at Poughkeepsie, and I will put you off there with him, Mr. Carter. The Pullman conductor has told me who you are."

He was taken to the rear end of the car, where there were fewer passengers, where he speedily subsided into sullen silence.

"Vot you do with me now?" he asked of Nick, after a long interval.

"We will let a committee of doctors decide that question," replied the detective.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that your sanity will be inquired into, and that if you insist that Mr. Brixton is Prince Petrovanoff, in all probability you will be shut up in a madhouse until you recover your reason."

"But, monsieur, he is the prince."

Nick shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

The detective did not again address any member of the "Brixton" party, save that just before the train ran in at Poughkeepsie, Ten-Ichi came gravely through the car, bowed formally to Nick, and said, in a monotonous tone of voice:

"Mr. Brixton, my master, wishes me to express his thanks to you, sir, for the services you have rendered him; and he wishes you to accept this as a memento of the occasion."

Ten-Ichi held out a beautifully inlaid cigarette case. It was his own special property, and had long ago been presented to him by Nick himself.

The detective received it with expressions of thanks, for he knew that it contained some message which he was to read as soon as he was where he could conveniently do so.

Then Ten-Ichi stalked back to the stateroom, and the train stopped at the Poughkeepsie station.

The spy seemed to have resigned himself to his fate.

He was wise enough to know that he was overpowered and outwitted, and that his only hope of escape in time to serve his master was in containing himself, and no more acting like a crazy man.

He realized now the mistake he had made when he entered the car.

At Poughkeepsie Nick conducted him at once to the special policeman detailed at that station, and had him placed formally under arrest, and he was presently taken before a justice and committed to prison to await an inquiry as to his sanity.

While he was before the justice, he again made a plea for his beloved prince, but this time it was made quietly and without excitement.

But the fact counted no less against him for all that.

When he was about to be led away, he forgot himself again, and turning, shook his fist at the detective.

"I do not know who you are," he said, "and I do not care who you are; but this I do know—that you are a scoundrel, a liar and an abductor. I do not know how long they will keep me in the place where you are sending me, but some day I shall be liberated, and on that day I

will begin my vengeance upon you. I will find who you are, and I will——"

The officer seized him roughly and dragged him through the door.

Nick turned away with a sigh.

He disliked such scenes, and, after all, the poor fellow was right.

"Even if he is sent to an asylum," he thought, "I will see to it that he is set at liberty again when I know that the prince is safely on the Pacific Ocean, en route for Japan."

Then he stepped to one side and opened the cigarette case which Ten-Ichi had given him.

As he had anticipated, there was a note inside.

"Since the scene at the door," it read, "the prince has been rather unsettled. He keeps muttering the name, Petrovanoff, and I think the anguish of his servant has unsettled him somewhat. But I have no doubt that all will go well. If I see any signs of returning memory, I will ask Zamot to give him another dose. We'll get him to Japan, all right, and I'll see that he is kept there until the end of the war. But I shall return, I think, at once to you. Such is my present wish, and such, also, will be the wish of my august father. TEN-ICHI."

"Good lad!" murmured the detective; "but I fancy that your troubles are not over yet."

CHAPTER X.

SOME STARTLINGLY QUICK WORK.

The detective returned at once to New York and reported to the inspector all that had taken place on the train to Poughkeepsie.

"And now, what next?" asked the inspector, "to root out this New York branch of the Third Section?"

"This: I have succeeded in frightening the four Russian prisoners into the idea that they have so far transgressed our laws that their only escape from lifelong imprisonment is to leave the country. They express themselves as eager to go, and I propose that we place them on a steamship and send them to France."

"That's all right."

"They can do as they please when they get there."

"Sure. What about Lafont?"

"I am going to keep him here, and let him have his head—keep him ostensibly in my own employ, in fact."

"Do you need another assistant?"

"No."

"Then, what's your game?"

"If Lafont is loyal in his promises to me—and it is more than likely that he is so——"

"Nay, nay, Nick. I don't believe it."

"Well, either way. If he is, he will be of great assistance, for he knows many of those men, and can find a way to discover the others."

"And if he is not loyal?"

"Inspector, I don't propose to lose sight of him for a moment."

"Do you mean that you are going to give up your own time to shadowing that fellow?"

"If necessary, yes."

"Is the game worth the candle?"

"I think so. It may not be; but I want to know if he is sincere, and that seems to be the only way in which I can find out."

"Again I must ask you, is the game worth the candle?"

"Inspector, I have unearthed enough to know that their entire expedition to this country, aside from the few spies they have been keeping here since the beginning of the war to keep tabs on Japanese affairs—aside from that, I say, their whole energy was directed to taking me a secret prisoner into Russia."

"Something on the style of what you have just done for the prince, eh?"

"Yes."

"They want to get even with you for your work when you held the emperor at bay, when you held up the nation and for that crime-behind-the-throne business, I suppose."

"Russia will never forgive me those things."

"And you've no desire to visit their little village of St. Petersburg right away, have you?"

"I should not hesitate an instant to go there if I had business to take me."

"I may remind you of that statement a little later, Nick."

"All right, do so. You'll find it was no bluff."

"When do you propose to liberate Lafont?"

"He is not really a prisoner, you know. He is remaining indoors on his word of honor, so called, until I give him liberty to go out."

"And when do you propose to do that?"

"As soon as we have sent the four Russians away."

"Have you fixed the time for that?"

"To-morrow morning. They have sufficient money for their own passages, and I shall purchase the tickets for them this afternoon."

"I hope you will see that they remain on board until the ship has sailed."

"Trust me for that."

"You have not been home yet, since you returned from Poughkeepsie?"

"No; I'm going there now."

"So you don't know if Lafont has kept his word during your absence, and stayed quiet?"

"No."

"Is anybody watching him?"

"Patsy."

"And where is he?"

"In my other house; the one directly behind where I live, which fronts on the other street."

"And the Countess de Tierney—where is she?"

"She was to remain at my house until I returned last evening; then I was to take her to Madame Zimmerman's, where she was to take board."

"Humph!" said the inspector; and he shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"I shall expect to hear from you by telephone in an hour or so, Nick," he said.

"What do you mean by that? Do you know anything that has happened?"

"No; but I suspect a lot; I suspect your man, Lafont, of being a deep, designing scoundrel, who pretended to play into your hands in order that he might win out in the end and secure promotion when he returns."

"It may be true," said Nick.

Then he turned, and without another word hastened home.

"Where is Madame de Tierney?" was his first question, when he entered.

"She left last evening, sir, when you sent for her," replied Peter, the servant.

"When I sent for her?"

"Yes, sir. At least that is what she said."

"What do you know about it?"

"Only that a messenger boy came to the door and said that he had a message for her. She was in the library at the time, and I took the boy there."

"Well?"

"After a moment the messenger boy went away again, and madame came out, put on her things, took her satchel and told me that she was going at once to Madame Zimmerman's—that you had sent a message for her to do so."

"Well, well, what more?"

"Nothing more, only that there was a cab at the door, and that she got into it with the messenger and was driven away."

"Don't you know that there is a telephone in the house of Madame Zimmerman, Peter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did it not occur to you to call up, and ask if—but I need not blame you. It is the countess herself who is to blame. Where is Patsy?"

"Over in the other house, I suppose, sir."

"You suppose! Don't you know?"

"No, sir. I haven't been over there since you went out yesterday afternoon."

Nick turned abruptly away. He descended through the basement to his cellar, and thence via the underground passage, made his way to his other house.

In this house there lived an old couple who were pensioners upon him, and he gave them their rent and living in return for running the establishment so that nobody would suspect that it was in any way connected with his own residence.

It was here where he had induced Lafont to remain—and where he had placed Patsy on guard over him, although it was Patsy's duty to remain out of sight, and only to shadow Lafont in case he broke his word and went out.

It required only a moment for him to discover that both Lafont and Patsy were missing, and he went into the room where the old couple passed most of their time.

"When did Patsy go out?" he asked, abruptly.

"Last evening, sir, about half-past four."

"And Lafont?"

"He went out just in advance of the young man."

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"No, sir."

"Then," thought Nick, "it is plain that he did not suspect anything unusual. But, all the same, it is as plain as the nose on my face that Lafont is at the bottom of the disappearance of Yvonne. But wait; I haven't yet telephoned to Zimmerman's."

He crossed the hall into another room and seized the telephone.

In a moment he had the desired connection, and then he asked:

"Is the Countess de Tierney there?"

"No, sir," came the reply.

"Have you seen or heard anything of her since you saw me?"

"She came here for a moment last evening; but she went out almost immediately."

"Why did she go away? Do you know?"

"She did not say; she only remarked that she would be back in an hour, but she has not returned."

"What time was that?"

"About half-past seven."

"Who was with her?"

"A messenger boy. There was a cab outside, and he stood by the door of it while she was in here. She left her satchel and said she would return, as I have told you. But I can give you the number of the cab, Mr. Carter. You have taught me to notice such things."

"Good! What was it?"

"New Gotham Cab Company, No. 999."

"That will do. Thank you. Good-by."

"By Jove!" he muttered, a moment later, when he was in the street and was himself hailing a cab, "I shouldn't wonder if that old woman has not saved the day."

He was not long in arriving at the office of the cab company.

"Who drove 999 last evening at half-past seven?" he asked of the superintendent, after he had made himself known.

"Patrick McGlynn," replied the superintendent, after he had referred to his books.

"Where is he now?"

"Back in the stables, just preparing to go out."

"Well, send him to me; and I'll take his cab when it is ready."

"I'm afraid that particular cab is engaged, sir, but you can have another."

"Call Pat!"

The driver came on a run.

"You took a lady from my house to a house in Forty-fourth Street at half-past seven last night, Pat," said Nick. "She had a messenger boy with her. Do you remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then you took her from Forty-fourth Street to some other place."

"Yes, sir; to Seventy-second Street."

"Do you know what house you took her to?"

"I do, sir."

"I want you to drive me there at once."

"Sure, sir, that's just where I'm going now, and it is for the same gentleman who engaged me last night."

"A short man, thickset, mustache and goatee, who looks like a foreigner?"

"That's him, sir."

"Hurry, then, and take me there."

"I'll do that, sir; no less."

In a moment more they were on the way, and just before they arrived at the house, Nick stopped the cab and got down.

"McGlynn," he said, sternly, "do you know who I am?"

"I suspect, sir, that you are Nick Carter, the great——"

"So I am. Now, will you obey me?"

"I will that."

"I am going to trust you, and if you betray me, you might better have never been born."

"I'll never betray you, sir."

"I am going to leave you here. I shall go directly around to the police station. You know where it is?"

"I do, sir. It is not far from here."

"Go to this house and keep your appointment, and when your passengers enter your cab, and are safely inside, drive like mad, as fast as your horse can go, straight to the door of that police station. Will you do that?"

"I will."

"I will be there to receive you. Now, go."

Nick almost ran to the police station, for he did not know but that McGlynn's passengers would be ready to depart the moment he arrived.

As a matter of fact they were, and it was well that the detective hurried, for he had barely had time to enter the station house, and after stating who he was, get a few of the reserves out on the sidewalk before the cab, furiously driven, sailed up against the curb, and he saw the frightened face of Paul Lafont peering through the window.

"Step out, Lafont," he said, coldly. "You are wanted here."

Lafont recognized the voice, if not the man, and, with an oath, he leaped to the pavement, at the same time pulling a revolver from one of his pockets and firing it almost in the face of the detective.

But the quick eye of one of the officers saw the act, and he struck up Lafont's hand ere he had time to pull the trigger, and the bullet flew harmlessly into the air.

At the same time another officer tapped the Frenchman

on the head with his nightstick, and Lafont curled up on the pavement at their feet, stunned and bleeding.

In the meantime Nick had peered inside the cab, and there, seated in one corner of it, unconscious, evidently from the effects of chloroform, was Yvonne de Tierney.

To take her from the cab and carry her into the station house was the work of only a moment. Then physicians were sent for, and she was speedily revived.

But even while this was being done, Nick Carter was not idle.

"Get out your men, captain, and a few crowbars and axes. I have found a nest which the inspector and I have been looking for a long time. Get out your men, and we will pay a visit to that house in Seventy-second Street; and I'm thinking that after that there will be very little of the Third Section left in New York."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RAID ON THE THIRD SECTION.

The detective did not wait to question Lafont, who was slowly recovering from the blow he had received, nor did he await the revival of Yvonne.

Doubtless, he thought, there was little time to lose.

The officers of the reserve—a dozen of them—were marched around to the house in Seventy-second Street in quick time.

Two were sent to the house in the rear, through which they gained the yard and could watch that no escapes be made in that direction.

Two others were sent into the houses on either side of the objective one, there to mount to the roof and to keep guard over the scuttle, and when these had had sufficient time to obtain their positions, the remainder of the squad marched boldly up to the door.

The bell was rung, and then, when a moment had elapsed without a reply to it, the crowbars and axes were brought into use, and in less than half a minute the officers had penetrated both doors into the interior.

They were met almost immediately by a fusillade of bullets, every one of which flew wide of the mark save that one officer was wounded slightly in the arm.

It was still broad daylight, it must be remembered, and everything was plainly visible.

Nick, in advance of all the others, could see a score or more of men in the back parlor of the house, and he knew it must be them. Followed by the officers.

The New York police force is not called "The Finest" without reason.

It is, to a man almost, dauntless, brave and fearless.

They leaped in among those men, who had gathered in that house, with such fury and such determination, wielding their sticks with such unerring aim and force, that the men who faced them and who were so taken by surprise, quailed before the attack, and gave way.

As a matter of fact, the men in the house believed they were attacked by a much greater force than they really were, and the struggle lasted only a few moments.

One great, bearded Russian, who had grappled with Nick, who was in advance of his own party, fought like a tiger, and he possessed great strength.

When the others had surrendered, and just as two or three of the officers were darting forward to the assistance of the detective, Nick raised the giant clear above his head and dashed him to the floor with a force that shook the house, and which left the victim of the fall stunned and bleeding.

It was a great fight while it lasted, but it was soon over.

Two of the occupants of the house were captured on the roof, and two others in the back yard, by which way they had sought to escape, and there were fifty prisoners altogether.

Telephone messages soon called more reserves, and the fifty prisoners were marched around to the station house, a dejected lot of hangdog-looking fellows.

A little inquiry made among the lot soon discovered one who was a great enough coward to make full confession, and he readily told of the other rendezvous of the Third Section, in the city.

It was in Ryerson Street, far downtown, but it developed that both places had been under the direct supervision of Lafont.

When they were made to believe that Lafont had betrayed them, many of them talked without reserve, and so, inside of an hour after the raid, the police department was in possession of all the secrets of this transplanted police force, brought from Russia to watch the Japs in New York, and the murder and capture of whomsoever they were directed to molest.

It might as well be told here that the house in Ryerson Street was raided that same night by the inspector of that

district, and that in all in both raids, one hundred and three men were captured.

* * * * * * *

Nick found that Yvonne was quite herself again when he returned to the station house, and he took her to Madame Zimmerman's in the same cab in which she had gone there before, and in which she had been brought to him at the station house.

"Poor child," he said to her. "I hope, now, that your troubles are over. Tell me, did that Lafont abuse you?"

"No; he was courtesy itself. His only ambition was to take me to Russia."

"But how in the world did you fall into his hands?"

"Through the duplicity of that messenger boy."

"Whom I strongly suspected was not a messenger boy."

"And whom I now know was not. He was one of their men—a man disguised to appear like a boy."

"But how did he induce you to go with him?"

"Why, I had not a doubt when he came the first time. He appeared to be only a lad; and when he drove me directly to Madame Zimmerman's, telling me on the way that you were in person at a house in Seventy-second Street, and wished me to go there to see you, since it was impossible for you to leave, I did not doubt. I supposed you wished to give me some directions about my boarding place."

"So you walked directly into the trap."

"Indeed I did; and with my eyes wide open."

"When will you learn, Yvonne, that you are not to pay attention to messages from me unless you are assured in some way that they are genuine?"

"But how shall I know that they are? Even hand writing may be copied."

"We will agree upon some given signal, for I am convinced that this is not the last effort which Russia will make to get you into her power. Russia never gives up a quest. I am convinced of that."

"Tell me of Zanoni," she said, after a moment.

"Zanoni is safely on her way to Japan. She is in safe hands, since she is in the care of Chick and Ten-Ichi."

"Do you think they will get through all right?"

"I am sure of it."

For a wonder, Nick had quite forgotten Patsy in the excitement of the afternoon, but now he remembered him.

"Tell me, have you seen anything of Patsy?" he asked.

"Why, do you not know?" she replied.

"No; what is it?"

"He was captured by those men in less than an hour after I became a prisoner in that house."

"Captured! My God! And what——"

"He made his escape this afternoon not twenty minutes before I was chloroformed. The men were all preparing to leave when I was rendered unconscious to be carried to the cab. I have thought all along that it was Patsy who brought you there."

"He was not injured?"

"Not in the least."

Nick leaned back and smiled.

"Poor Patsy," he said. "I have stolen his thunder. No doubt while he was telephoning to headquarters and waiting for instructions and authority to proceed, we were making the raid. The lad will be disappointed."

"What for, because you got there first?"

"No; but because he did not get there first. There is nothing selfish about the lad, but he is all ambition, all energy, all honesty."

* * * * * * *

Nick found Patsy at home awaiting him, and he laughed at the doleful expression of the lad's countenance.

"I'd like to know how you did it," said the lad.

"I didn't do it," replied Nick.

"Who did, then?"

"Old Mrs. Zimmerman."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Zimmerman."

"How did she do it?"

"She was thoughtful enough to take the number of the cab, and that did the business."

* * * * * * *

Four days later a telegram arrived to Nick Carter containing the information that the Brixton party had safely embarked on a steamer for Japan; and in the due course of time, a cable came to him from that far country, announcing the safe arrival there, of the disposition of their patient and of the departure, a week later, for America of Chick, Ten-Ichi and Zanoni.

THE END.

The next number of the weekly will be "The Conspiracy of an Empire; or, Nick Carter's Bravest Act."

NICK CARTER WEEKLY

THE BEST DETECTIVE STORIES IN THE WORLD

383—Kidnaped in Broad Daylight; or, Nick Carter on His Own Trail.
384—The Little Giant's Double; or, The World's Two Strongest Men.
385—The Secret Order of Associated Crooks; or, The Confederated Criminal Trust.
386—When Aces Were Trumps; or, A Hard Game to Play.
387—The Gambler's Last Hand; or, The Little Giant Wins Out.
388—The Murder at Linden Hall; or, The Mystery of the Cadillac Needle.
389—Mercedes Dantcat's Double; or, A Plot for Many Millions.
390—The Millionaire's Nemesis; or, Paul Roger's Oath of Vengeance.
391—A Princess of the Underworld; or, The Mysterious Burglary at Lakeview.
392—A Queen of Her Kind; or, A Beautiful Woman's Nerve.
393—Isabel Benton's Trump Card; or, Desperate Play to Win.
394—A Princess of Hades; or, The Reappearance of Dazaar, the Fiend.
395—A Compact with Dazaar; or, The Devil Worshiper's Den.
396—In the Shadow of Dazaar; or, At the Mercy of Vampires.
397—The Crime of a Money-King; or, The Battle of the Magnates.
398—The Terrible Game of Millions; or, Trucking Down the Plotters.
399—A Dead Man's Power; or, The Mystery of a Telephone Number.
400—The Secrets of an Old House; or, The Crime of Washington Heights.
401—The House with the Open Door; or, The Double Crime of Madison Avenue.
402—The Society of Assassination; or, The Detective's Double Disguise.
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404—The Trail of the Vampire; or, The Mysterious Crimes of Prospect Park.
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406—The Captain of the Vampire; or, Smuggler of the Deep Sea.
407—A Bank President's Plot; or, Three Villains of a Stripe.
408—The Master Criminal; or, With the Devil in His Eye.
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410—Inez, the Mysterious; or, The Master Criminal's Mascot.
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412—The Point of a Dagger; or, The Criminal Queen's Madness.
413—Doctor Quartz, the Second; or, The Great Freight Car Mystery.
414—Doctor Quartz, the Second, at Bay; or, A Man of Iron Nerve.
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416—Zanoni, the Woman Wizard; or, The Ward of Doctor Quartz.
417—The Woman Wizard's Hate; or, A Dangerous Foe.
418—The Prison Demon; or, The Ghost of Dr. Quartz.
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